

January 16, 2019

Honorable Edgardo Ramos
United States District Judge
Southern District of New York
Daniel Patrick Moynihan United States Courthouse
500 Pearl Street, New York 10007

Honorable Judge Ramos:

My name is Martha Boutsikakis Gamble and I am writing this letter on behalf of my ex-husband, Paul Christian Dean. I am a Masters Prepared Nursing Director in a large Hospital in Salt Lake City Utah. Paul, or Chris as his friends call him, and I had been married just shy of ten years.

I met Chris when he was just out of the police academy when he was 22 years old and I was a 19 year old EMT in NYC. Chris was making around \$22K a year and was bright eyed, optimistic, and excited to be a part of New York's Finest. Indeed, making end meet in those early years was a challenge. And yet, Chris never complained. He would come home and tell me of his adventures, accomplishments, and goals. You see, before Chris was anything else, he was a cop. When asked to tell you about himself, Chris ALWAYS identified first and foremost as a NYPD officer, then as a father, husband, son, and friend. This is why I just do not believe any of this is true.

I have known this man for the last 24 years. I know this man. He is a good man. Chris has always been loyal to the job to a fault: overtime, holidays, nights, weekends, on vacation, when ill; he ALWAYS agreed to go in and work. He caught a bank robber once—boy, was he proud—we all were. He lost friends in the line of duty over the years. As an Army veteran, myself, I can only equate to what Chris has seen as losing his “battle buddies”. It was a mourning that was very deep and very intimate.

On August 24, 2001, we welcomed our second child, Kristina into the world. Chris had planned to take a week off in September when our oldest was starting preschool to help me out. On September 11, 2001, Katherine started her first day of preschool. I came home and Chris was gone. I hadn't heard yet that a plane had flown into the World Trade Center. There was a ticker tape that ran across the bottom of our television screen asking all service members of the NYPD, FDNY, and EMS to report for duty. Chris hadn't waited. He was already there. He had gone in to the battlefield with Moira Smith and Bobby Fazio. (Both of those brave officers were lost on that day and my husband survived.) I don't remember seeing him for months except to change his clothes and kiss his girls. He was dedicated to sifting through rubble, and helping out his fellow man in whatever way possible. He gave up his entire vacation, time with his new baby,

and allowed himself to serve non-stop for over three months because...Chris was a cop...that is what he did.

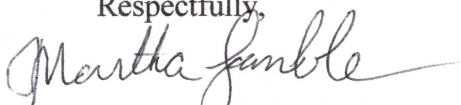
He took his girls to the police museum near his old precinct. He became a street narcotics sergeant. He was and will always be a cop. But, something had changed: Chris was having nightmares, he developed symptoms of asthma, he wasn't himself. Of course he wasn't. How could he be? The only support he received after witnessing such horrors, was to put a group of officers together with a therapist to talk about their feelings. Come on... That is not how most of these men operate. They repress and move on. Chris just had so many demons from all the years of witnessing the horrors of humanity. No one calls the police for something positive. He witnessed carnage, terrorism, children taken from parents because the parents were addicts, robberies, thefts, murders, and more brutality than I can't bear to imagine.

Our marriage was sacrificed for the benefit of the NYPD. You see, Chris was loyal to his career choice to a fault. And, in part because we still live in a society that shames people for seeking help (especially 20 years ago) he sought coping mechanisms that were not good for him, nor our family. But, I assure you, Paul Christian Dean is a good man. In spite of our differences, and parting of ways, he has been a wonderful father to our girls. They love their daddy very much and they are the apples of his eye.

Your Honor, I implore you, please- Be as lenient as possible with this precious man. I beg you. Hasn't he sacrificed enough? Hasn't he lost enough? He is not one of the bad guys. I would be very proud if any of my children grow up to be the kind of human being their father is.

I appreciate your willingness to take the time to read my thoughts. I know this is a difficult burden that you must carry in your profession. I strongly, whole-heartedly believe that my sweet former spouse has suffered enough of his burden.

May The Lord Guide You,
Respectfully,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Martha B. Gamble". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the left of the printed name.

Martha B. Gamble